

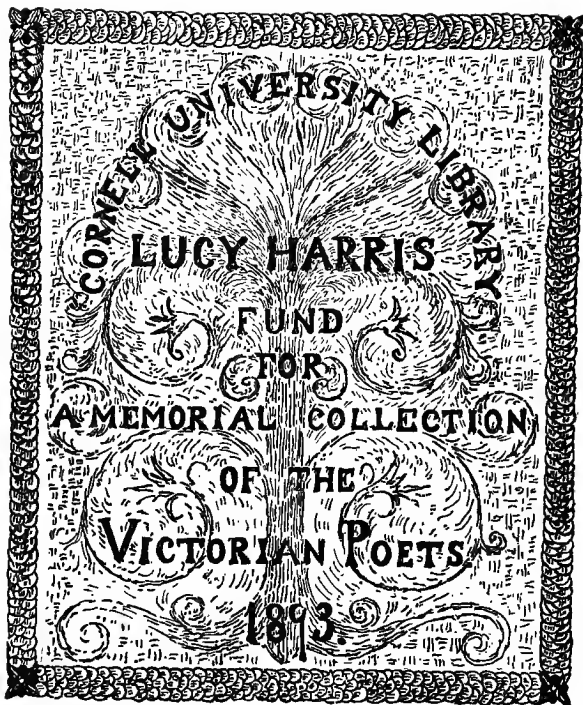
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OLIVER CROMWELL

AND OTHER POEMS

DR. DAVIDSON BURNS





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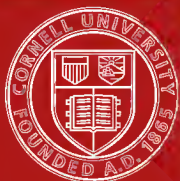
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OLIVER CROMWELL,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

DAWSON BURNS, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF " RAYS OF SACRED SONG."

LONDON :

S.W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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A. 173337



PREFACE.

THE first and longest poem in this volume, aims to depict some of the chief events in the life, and some of the more salient features in the character, of Oliver Cromwell. For above a century after the Restoration of the Stuarts, nothing too bad could be said of him. A turn in this tide of obloquy may be detected in Gray's celebrated Elegy, where, implying Cromwell's possession of some great qualities, it is imagined possible that the village might have produced "Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood":—in other words, some one as eminent as he was in the Cabinet and the Field, but without his violence and treason. Yet Gray could not have anticipated such a revolution of opinion concerning Cromwell as that which has occurred within the last fifty years,—due mainly to Carlyle's historical researches and characteristic championship of the Protector. With the rout of the whole array of slander-mongers, there may, however, be danger to something more important than even Cromwell's reputation—namely, the application of the principles of morality to all men, without respect to persons. A worship of heroes—men famous for power and earnestness—may easily run into a form of idolatry

as destitute of every moral element as the idolatries of old. The law of righteousness is a standard of judgment for the greatest as well as the least of men, or all faith in a law of righteousness must be abandoned.

To attempt to defend and justify Cromwell as a Constitutional ruler, or on principles of Constitutional government, is utterly futile. Cromwell himself would have scorned the defence. He and Charles I. were both believers in a Divine right of kingship. Charles claimed it for himself as a member of the kingly class. Cromwell claimed it for himself as the instrument of a Divine purpose, to be wrought out in a predestined time and way. The hand of the Lord was upon him, and he could not resist it except at the peril of his soul. Parliaments, which were chosen by men, could not be suffered to annul that commission which he had received from the High Court of Heaven. It may be that his refusal to accept the Crown when offered him was due not only to the impolicy of risking the fidelity of his sturdy soldiery, but also to his fear that by accepting any insignia of royalty, he would be surrendering, or compromising, that claim to govern which he held by the direct appointment of the King of kings.

If Cromwell is to be defended, it must be by weighing the circumstances of his times; the absence of any other so capable of ruling; the actual character of his administration; the contrast it afforded to that which it superseded, and that which succeeded it; and, above all, by the profound religious conviction under which he acted.

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There is no reason to suppose that this religious feeling excluded the play of personal ambition, though no one is likely hereafter to accuse him of religious hypocrisy, or to describe him as either seeking or using power without a commanding regard to the welfare of the nation.

From the political standpoint, his system of government must be regarded as a failure. He did not secure the co-operation of many who might have served him well. He subjected himself to the natural though groundless suspicions of the purest patriots. He made no provision for bridging over in his own lifetime the yawning chasm between personal rule and a Free Parliament, or for a gradual transition from the one system to the other. His belief in himself as God's vicegerent, carried with it the assumption that his life would be prolonged; and the failure of this assumption found him unprepared with a successor worthy of himself, and adequate to the crisis consequent upon his death. This lack of preparation finally led, after a short interval, to the return of the Stuarts, and the opening of a chapter in the political history of this country more degraded than any since the time of John.

What should have been the line of constitutional conduct pursued by Cromwell, is a question not to be answered in a sentence. But starting from the fact that he was sworn to secure the free exercise of Parliamentary rights, it would have been most noble in him to have kept this end in view, and to have

worked towards it with undeviating fidelity. If he had failed, his failure would have been magnanimous and glorious. The difficulties were formidable, many of them caused by the Civil War and the passions it had generated; but even these might have been overcome by patience and skill; and it is possible that his own transcendent capacity for government, as well as for war, would have gained for him the proudest of all positions to which any Englishman could aspire—the magistracy of a free country; with such arrangements for the transmission of the executive authority as would have barred the return of Charles. We may honour Cromwell for all that was excellent in him and his actions, without overlooking the faults of his administration, just as it is possible for us to indicate these faults without abating our admiration for those qualities of intellect and soul, which constituted him the greatest ruler of his own day, and not the least eminent among those whom men have agreed to hail as the sovereign spirits of the human race.



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OLIVER CROMWELL.

NEAR the horizon's edge the Queen's life hung,
And dark forebodings o'er the land were
flung ;

The sinking orb must set—whose then would be
The English realm, and what its destiny ?
Princes must oft allow what most they hate ;
And heir to all Elizabeth's estate
Was Mary's son—she, ill-starred Queen of Scots,
A graceful flower with black, disfiguring spots,
Round whom, when living, soldiers fought and
bled,

As learned scribes have fought around her dead ;
Not unrevenged she perished, for her son
Might well the greatest empire have undone ;
And Fotheringay, where Mary knelt to die,
Heard Civil War's prolonged and bitter cry.

When England's crown devolved on Scotland's
King,
Two lands were shadowed by one pedant's wing ;
The classical Buchanan could impart
To James' youth no regal style or art ;
As years increased, with learning's husks he swelled,
And, shambling on, his rounds of gossip held.
Coarse flatterers hailed a Solomon restored,
In one who superstitiously adored
The Right Divine of Kings to boundless power,
Which on the State a thousand ills might shower,
Their hapless subjects left to groan, and pray
That pitying Heaven would send a brighter day.

Four years ere James' reign a new-born boy
Sent through a mother's breast fresh tides of joy ;
Not princely birthright his, nor peasant's lot ;
No scenes romantic marked his native spot ;
His infant sleep no cataract disturbed ;
No Alpine peaks his youthful ardour curbed ;
One level landscape filled the view around,
And in fat pastures sleek-limbed kine were found.
'Tis not on mountain range or slope alone,
Near to the eagle's solitary throne,
That men are born with spirits bold and free,
(Eager to strive or die for liberty.
The most sublime of nature's works may fail
To nurse a heart that knows not how to quail,

Whilst on broad plain, in narrow street, or glen,
May dwell a child that shall be king of men—
A leader of his country and mankind ;
And such a child in Oliver we find.

Tradition tells not if the boy at school
Were taken for a genius or a fool ;
Nor does it matter, for 'tis nothing strange
That early "fool" and "genius" places change—
The brilliant prizeman run to chaff and straw,
The dullard grow a guiding light and law.
Twelve months at Cambridge, learning's seat soon
glide,

When Cromwell joins a widowed mother's side ;
But by her will to London he proceeds,
In quest of Law,—rich flower or idle weed—
Till love, pure love, his open heart assails,
And o'er the future conqueror prevails.

'Tis love's prerogative its rule to show,
Confessed alike by noblest and the low,
And manhood reached, he takes to be his wife
One gently born, and good, his second life.
But thoughts of God and sin possess his heart,
With sense of guilt, sin's keen and bitter smart.
The Mount that burned re-kindles in his view,
With thunderings deep and awful terrors new ;
Upon him lies the heavy chastening rod,
And from the depths he cries aloud for God,

Till peace flows in, and grateful, he can say,
"He comforts me—His wrath is turned away."
Thence, as the speeding years brought flowers and
 snows,
Around his table sons and daughters rose ;
Both joy and grief himself and consort knew,
And, fed by sorrow's rain, their true love grew ;
Their home a temple was, a holy place,
And every prayer brought down some answering
 grace.

Chosen at length to Parliament, he went,
The people's grievances to represent,
And met the men whose free, unfaltering speech
Aspired the monarch's favourites to impeach.
These were the men who played the patriot's part,
With conscience white and adamant heart :
Pym, Hampden, Philips, Elliot, and the rest,
Resolved the tide of tyranny to breast ;
Beside them Cromwell stood—cast in large mould,
Strong-limbed, broad-chested, nose both red and
 bold,
Cheeks full, and wart-marked, eyebrows shaggy
 set,
Eyes blue, light-darting, piercing whom they met ;
A forehead, finely formed, expansive, round,
With sweeping locks of chestnut colour crowned ;
A voice not musical, but listeners knew

They heard a man whose words were always true ;
His garb was plain and rustic ; and his gait
Not such as fashion's children imitate.

“ Lord of the Fens ”—so was he named by all
Who had responded to his earnest call,
To rise with one consent, and to withstand
The King's unfounded claim to public land :
But, victory gained, he turned to home again,
There, a great soul in peacefulness to train.
No acts of low intrigue, or sharp finesse,
Were used by him to lure or to impress ;
Patience was his to wait—a precious gift,
Till Providence was pleased the veil to lift ;
Then the straight path of action, unconcealed,
His duty and God's will at once revealed.
He grew in strength of purpose and of soul,
As grows some tree o'er which the seasons roll ;
Through day and night, in stillness and in strife,
Spite winter's death, in spring's re-wakening life,
It strikes its roots, assumes an ample size,
Extends its arms, and seeks auspicious skies,
So he, with slow and steady growth uprose,
Till time and fitness meeting, should disclose
What rare capacities he should display,
And what great part in England's history play.

With dignity of men, and habits pure,
Such as from vilest men esteem ensure,

Charles might have reigned with credit and repute,
His life unvexed with turmoil and dispute ;
But all was lost when, in an evil hour,
Seduced by pride and sordid lust of power,
He sought old England's liberties to steal,
And on her head to press the despot's heel.
In every patriot he a rebel saw,
Because opposed to his tyrannic law ;
Intent that one, and he that one, should rule,
He looked on each as enemy or tool ;
And they who would not stoop took up the gage,
The war of England's liberty to wage.
Not men of blood were they who drew the sword ,
No leaders of a rude and reckless horde ;
They knew how over Europe's wide expanse
The rights of man had sunk before the lance,
Till one last refuge was to Freedom left,
Of which they vowed she should not be bereft ;
Resolving at the heart's most sacred shrine,
That they would not one privilege resign ;
But that the land their fathers had left free,
Transmitted free to their own sons should be.

Of all the treasures of domestic life,
Few can compare with wisdom in a wife ;
This wanting, and her husband's heart her own,
His peace and safety may be overthrown ;
And she whom Nature gave to be his crown

May cast to earth his name and honour down.
So to King Charles did Henrietta bring
The woes that from proud, selfish folly spring ;
She loved him much, but more to guide his hand,
And fill with foxy Jesuits the land.
At last the fatal penalty was paid—
His throne and he in ruin low were laid ;
And the fair prospects of her bridal day
Faded before war's sulphurous clouds away ;
Slowly they faded, for years passed, and still
The rival armies strove with equal skill ;
Now to this side, now that, incline the scales,
And each in turn is worsted, or prevails.

At Nottingham the Royal Standard floats,
Amidst the greetings of a thousand throats,
But other sounds soon break upon the breeze,
Sad tokens of a nation's miseries.
In this great struggle, men of upright mind
To King or Parliament their fortunes bind ;—
Hampden, whose name adorns e'en Freedom's
scroll ;
Falkland, of gentle and chivalrous soul —
Both fought, both fell, and at each opening tomb
Their country told their worth and mourned their
doom.
Long has the din of battle died away,
Yet common homage still to both we pay ;

And where the Towers of Westminster arise,
And rival chiefs contest ambition's prize,
Their lofty statues stand not far apart,
Formed by the sculptor's life-presenting art,
As though to guard that freedom of debate
On which is raised the freedom of the State ;
Yet warning all true patriots to withstand
The abuse of speech by every factious band,
Who are not Freedom's friends but secret foes,
And with false homage aim insidious blows.

When battle raged, Cromwell as chief appeared,
Though in the fields of peaceful action reared ;
Whom fear of God had valiant made for fight,
Where he beheld the cloud or fiery light ;
While native prowess, joined to iron will,
Prepared him his great service to fulfil.
With horsemen he had raised, to war he went,
As loyal soldier of the Parliament.
Born captain he—a master of the art
Which claims a Cæsar and a Bonaparte ;
'Twas he who gave the Ironsides their form,
And taught them how to ride the battle's storm ;
To turn aside the lusty pikeman's thrust,
And roll gay cavaliers in mire or dust ;
A band puissant they, with well-cropped head,
But who from face of mortal foe ne'er fled ;
Their prayers were long, and had a nasal twang,

But like Thor's hammer loud their sword-blades
rang.

Judging themselves the agents of heaven's will,
And disciplined with care, and led with skill,
They charged impetuous on their startled foes,
As tempests drive before them winter's snows ;
Or as the cyclone, from whose circling wings
Ruin resistless and far-reaching springs ;
When sea and blast, in wild confusion rolled,
The hapless bark in crushing clutch enfold ;
Or when on land, in impotent dismay,
Cattle and men are caught and swept away ;
And prostrate bush, and tree, and house, confess
A power terrific in its mightiness,
And miles of wreckage, mixed with mangled dead,
Mark where the storm in whirling fury spread.
Thus, when on Marston Moor the thunderous sky
Discharged its elemental battery,
There raged below the fiercer strife of men,
And charge and counter-charge shook earth again ;
Rupert the centre scatters, and one wing,
And through his host the shouts of triumph ring,
Till Cromwell gives the word, and forward sweep
His darkly glistening ranks, as pours the deep
When, on some stout high-masted bark it breaks
And at one blow an utter ending makes.
So Royalists the iron flood receive,
And sink beneath its weight beyond retrieve.

Nor did his genius fruits less ample yield
At the hard-foughten lines of Naseby field ;
When from the heights of hope the King was torn,
And to the depths of wretchedness was borne.
How different from the uproar of that fight
Were the past day's long hours of fading light !
Fair evening cast her robes of sober grey
Around the slow declining summer day ;
And on the uplands reigned a peace profound,
Unbroken by a harsh foreboding sound ;
A soft tranquility o'erspread the scene,
From heights of blue to slopes of grassy green.
At nature's heart lay sweet and tender rest,
Like the deep hush, when holy lips have blessed ;
Or like the peace where broods the Sacred Dove,
And all the soul becomes a heaven of love.
Another spirit ruled the field where lay
Two armies eager for the dawn of day ;
And soon the bugle challenges the sun
To look upon the deeds that shall be done :
Each deed of desperate valour for the King,
Met by more desperate valour, which shall ring
The wide land o'er, and send abroad the tale
How nothing could the Royal cause avail
When Cromwell and his Ironsides forth rode,
And through opposing ranks their passage mowed.

Exchanging for a moment camp for town,

We turn from sword and pike to reverend gown—
For grave divines to Westminster proceed,
To give to Church and State a purer creed.
Learning they had, and piety sincere,
And listened loyally God's voice to hear ;
But one great lack was theirs—a wholesome doubt
That they could find all truth and knowledge out,
Or if they could, that God required of them
To call in Cæsar others to condemn.
“ We know in part,” why should we, then, pretend
That what we know has neither bound nor end ?
“ We see as in a mirror darkly,” why then say
That what we see is clear as perfect day ?
How hard it is humility to show,
And airs of lordship cheerfully forego !
How hard to feel that faith, so called, must be
No Christian faith if void of charity !
How strange and sad that they who freedom claim
Oft seek to tyrannize in Freedom's name,
Or think they can the cause of truth maintain
By dooming heresy to rack or chain !
In Westminster's Assembly, there were some
Who for the rights of conscience were not dumb,
But few confessed this ancient Christian creed—
God's truth can never of the sword have need.
'Tis by its own celestial charm it wins
The soul from error and o'ercomes its sins ;
So conquering evil, as the morning light

Bids darkness vanish with the birds of night.

Years yet must pass, and gallant soldiers fall,
Ere ruin Charles' fortunes shall befall ;
Nor then had victory for the People gone
Had Cromwell not the issue hastened on.
Beneath his sword the Royal cause sank down,
And the First Charles paid forfeit of his crown.
Yet life might his have been, but for deceit
That seemed to draw fresh vigour from defeat.
No pledge could bind him, none his word could
trust ;

“ If he should live we die—so die he must ! ”
The trial, condemnation, scaffold, came,
And cast a gleam upon the Stuart name.
Charles stood erect in presence of his foes,
And o'er the flood of sorrow higher rose.
So fit to rule he never did appear
As when a prison was his only sphere ;
Never so fit to live as when he laid
His kingly neck beneath the headsman's blade.
Yet that fell stroke procured no martyr's crown,
As they have dreamed who, in his fate would
drown

The memory of his plottings dark and low,
Which men heroic banded to o'erthrow.
Justice still holds aloft the equal scale,
Nor suffers party spirit to prevail;

King Charles' merits she admits, and pays
A tribute to his last and better days ;
But still she casts no cold ungenerous eye
On those consigned by him to pine or die ;
Prisoners for Liberty, who dared to stand,
And bear the weight of his unsparing hand.
His blood, though shed by unrelenting foes,
Can ne'er expunge the narrative that shows
How noble men like Eliot were his prey,
Till death in pity took their pains away ;
To them, not him, we owe it that we see
Our land this day the home of Liberty.

To youthful Charles the Scots their homage pay,
And threaten England with an armed array.
To meet them with a peaceable intent,
Cromwell advances ; they with pride resent
The overtures he makes, and march to bring
Him and his soldiers captives to their king.
Then on the heights of sea-washed, wild Dunbar,
Burns the red light of battle's baleful star ;
Leslie and Cromwell head each gallant host,
One Scotland's flower, the other England's boast ;
"The Covenant" is watchword of the North,
"The Lord of Hosts" leads England's soldiers
forth.

No former conflict of eight martial years
Evoked more effort, or awoke more fears ;

Each step is struggled for with desperate force,
And feats of arms distinguish "foot" and
"horse,"

Till Cromwell's chosen warriors close the fight,
And change the contest to a rout and flight.
Three thousand Scots bestrew the fatal field,
Ten thousand more themselves as prisoners yield,
And at the feet of Cromwell Scotland lies,
His hardest won and most exalted prize.
Let Scotchmen who to Wallace proudly turn,
And warmly sing of Bruce and Bannockburn,
Not scoff at Leslie, or on Dunbar frown,
As destitute of honour and renown ;
For there were ended centuries of strife ;
Then Scotland entered on a larger life ;
And then, new policies and needs ensured
That coming Union which has long endured
With benefit to all, but chiefly those
Whose sign, the Thistle, challenges its foes.
If Scotland fell on Dunbar's blood-drenched plain,
She quickly rose in greater might again ;
As the huge Titan, touching mother earth,
Gained the new vigour of a second birth,
Or as the famous Phoenix, said to spring
From funeral flames on more resplendent wing.

Sore sickness on the conqueror now lay,
And sanguine hopes led the young Charles astray ;

He entered England, and his following swelled,
While on his course through various shires he held,
Till Worcester gave him welcome warm and gay,
And feasts and revels filled each night and day.
Alarm spreads widely, and stout patriots quail,
Lest at the last the "good old Cause" should
fail.

E'en London, ever faithful, dreads to see
The young Prince force its gates, and master be.
Needless such fears, for as the eagle swoops
Upon its prey, so Cromwell with his troops
Hastens to seize the city fair and strong,
Where sallow Severn rolls his flood along ;
Arrived upon the scene, no time is spent
In idle menace or in vain lament.
The stream is crossed, and the long war-like tide
Bears on and on, nor can be turned aside.
Defences yield, new fort and ancient wall
Prevent not, nor delay, the city's fall,
And Worcester adds another laurel green
To those entwined round Cromwell's brow serene.
Prince Charles quits throngs of wounded, dying,
dead,
And joins the other thousands who have fled.
Women and men of high and lowly lot,
In mansion, lesser house, and peasant's cot,
Expose their lives for him, till he can reach
The hovering ship, and tread a foreign beach ;

No wiser than he went will he return,
No name of honour will his conduct earn ;
As fugitive disguised, or king begemmed,
His cold and hollow heart will stand condemned.

Commissioned hence to take a high command,
And face the problem of the Irish land,
And solve it if he can, Cromwell departs
With trusted troops, loud shouts, and hopeful
 hearts,

To avenge past massacres, rebellion end,
And the whole power of Papistry to rend ;
This was his mission, and what arms could do
He, with resistless vigour, carried through.
No walls, no force, a refuge could afford
From the broad sweep of his destroying sword.
From English shores rejoicing plaudits burst,
While Erin's children crouched, and wept, and
 cursed.

No blind revenge was his, but sad the tale ;
Nor could such means for wisest ends avail ;
His prototype the Hebrew warrior shows,
With garments reddened by the blood of foes ;
With little of the pity Christ would claim
From those who bear and boast His sacred name.

Now foremost man in England Cromwell stands,
And his authority no power withstands

Save Parliament, which erewhile fought the King,
And gained repute that now has taken wing.
The House of Lords has vanished, and their will
The Commons claim the nation shall fulfil ;
But mastership may not divided be,
And as in one must lodge the sovereignty,
The House and Man in mortal strife contend,
Nor is it doubtful how the strife will end.
Though shrunk with years, the House resolves to
hold

Its former power, as misers cling to gold ;
But fast its sands of life are running down
Amidst the loud derision of the town,
And when to spread abroad a sense of awe
It seeks to pass a self-continuing law,
Its Master rises, and with wrathful looks
Its members loads with menacing rebukes ;
And they, unable to resist the blow,
Await the mandate which their fears foreknow.
How different this from that time-famous scene,
When in his search the King had baffled been,
And when the cry of " Privilege ! " which broke
From crowded benches conscious power bespoke ;
Now, few in numbers, bearded in its room,
The House sits helpless to avert its doom ;
" *Remove that bauble !* " and the ancient mace,
So long revered, is lowered from its place ;
The members scatter, fastened is the door,

And the Long Parliament exists no more.
The power it claimed has passed from out its
 hands
To him who once had bowed to its commands ;
The sword he took its liberty to save
Digs both for it and Liberty a grave ;
But Liberty ne'er dies, it slumbers, then revives,
And, spite the strongest tyranny, survives.

A Parliament effete could well be spared,
But Cromwell's deeds ulterior aims declared ;
The sword, not sceptre, now controlled the State,
And round their Chief his warriors stood elate ;
But not for this did England's purest blood
Dye red, through years, war's turbid, stormy flood.
While Cavaliers drink in full cups, by stealth,
" Confusion to Old Noll," and Charles' health,
Republicans their fond ideal see
Resolved into a new autocracy ;
Shame, sorrow, and disgust, upon them prey,
And drive them from all public paths away ;
Betrayed by one they trusted to discharge
A patriot's task and Freedom's bounds enlarge.
Such were the Hutchinsons, true man and wife,
Of highest courage and of sweetest life ;
With joy would both have died to save the land
From royal yoke, or soldier's iron hand ;
But learn at last, their hopes and efforts vain,

From further trust in rulers to abstain.
Who shall the stern Dictator's heart explore,
And learn how to himself he varnished o'er
His breach of law—or justified the deed,
By which his country was subdued, not freed ?
Perhap; some subtile egotistic taint,
Too seldom absent from the purest saint,
Had mixed with his belief that he was meant
To take the place of King and Parliament ;
To curb the force of faction, old and new,
Till men, by wisdom taught, their interests knew,
And by prompt use of kind despotic might
To save the nation in its own despite.
What Charles might not attempt, by Right Divine,
He, coming in the Providential line,
Might do with honour as the appointed one,
To guide the age and teach it what to shun.
If Cromwell reasoned thus, let none presume
That they unscathed can powers Divine assume ;
Whate'er the object, if ambition leads,
The path grows crooked as the foot proceeds,
Till more and more astray, the wanderer lost
Discerns his folly and incurs the cost.
One act alone remains—to mount the throne,
To make the ancient English crown his own ;
A House of Cromwell in succession set
To Stuart, Tudor, and Plantagenet ;
But here he pauses—scruples, or some fear,

A barrier supreme suffice to rear.
" The Lord Protector " is the title borne
By one whom monarch never dared to scorn ;
In this great office is the Chief installed,
Henceforth as " Highness " to be known and called,
And blast of trumpet from the herald's hand
Hails Oliver the Regent of the land.
E'er five short years have passed, far other sounds
Will tell that human glory has its bounds ;
But five such years, since Alfred filled the throne,
England, through eight long centuries, had not
 known,
And if by few like power has been refused,
By fewer has it been so nobly used.

Another name with Cromwell's here we link,
The name of one, who, from destruction's brink,
Raised high the naval credit of the race,
Which on the wave has held the foremost place.
No stouter captain ever sailed the sea,
With gentler heart and loftier chivalry,
Than Robert Blake, who on the land had fought,
And larger service for his country sought;
On pirate, Papal seat, and Turkish Deys,
The might and dread of England's arm he lays ;
But makes the measure of his prowess felt
By crushing blows at Spain and Holland dealt.
Where the low lands invite the invading tide,

And human skill restrains old ocean's pride,
A race of traders and of sailors thrive,
And fill with honey their well-ordered hive.
They boast themselves the masters of the seas,
And flaunt their triumph on each passing breeze ;
But to the English fleet the palm they yield,
And Blake rides champion of the liquid field.
In Cromwell's age colossal stood old Spain,
With golden provinces beyond the main ;
Her heart was haughty as her spoils were vast,
And though the noon-tide of her power was past,
Her temper was imperious, and she hurled
Her menaces and terrors round the world ;
Thus Blake, in humbling proud and cruel Spain,
Conferred on all mankind a common gain.
Upon his country's service he was bent,
Till, worn by pain, his energies were spent,
And entering port with feeble, flickering breath,
His flag, ne'er struck before, he struck to death ;
But death could only crown the hero's name,
Rival of Drake's and pledge of Nelson's fame ;
To England's cause all that he had he gave,
And England stood chief mourner at his grave !

See Cromwell as in thoughtful mood he sits,
To judge what best each circumstance befits ;
If Home concerns his present care engage,
Praise, caution, order, fill the impartial page,

Traced by the hand of one who shall be known
As Andrew Marvell, strong to stand alone—
The Commoner who honest shall remain
When few shall keep their palms from lucre's stain ;
Or if affairs of Foreign interest seek
That Cromwell should with voice of England speak,
One at his side notes what he would express,
And clothes the English sense in Latin dress ;
That scribe is scholar, poet, pamphleteer,
But his full greatness does not yet appear :
The day shall come, a veil upon his sight,
When he shall dictate, and another write ;
And when the Epic page he cannot see
Shall passport prove to immortality.
Cromwell and Milton!—in their might they stand,
Each in his rank chief genius of the land,
Yet little deems the Ruler of the State,
That he whose office is to serve and wait,
Shall win a fame superior to his own,
And from a more than Cæsarian throne
Shall wield a power to conquerors denied,
Long as the years, and as earth's circuit wide.

A cry of anguish from across the seas
Strikes England's ear, and wakes her sympathies.
In Alpine vales a race had long retained
Their simple manners, and a life unstained ;
But Savoy's prince, indignant that they took

Their law, not from Rome's Church, but from God's
own Book,

Commanded, under pain of fire and sword,
That they should practise rites their souls abhorred.

The execution of this base decree

Filled smiling homes with wasting misery,

Till Cromwell heard, and stretched his powerful
hand

With mild request, which signified command,

That, as of old, the people should be free

To worship God in full tranquility.

Then persecution's savage hand was stayed,

And the Waldenses, midst thanksgivings, prayed

That God would bless the land, and bless the man,

Whose words had saved them from the murderous
ban.

Nor did his intervention here subside,

But means of comfort and relief supplied;

And England's golden balm was shed to heal

The wounds inflicted by un-Christian zeal.

Saved from the vice of an intolerant age,

He strove to cool sectarian heat and rage,

For well he knew that sign of grace is not

To find in other's creed a fault or blot,

But to unite in God's redeeming plan,

By serving Him, and doing good to man.

Thus intercourse with many he could hold,

Between whose creeds the breadth of oceans rolled,

For even they, he clearly saw, might be
Joined in the bonds of Christian charity.

Among the preachers of that preaching time
Was one who, ere he reached his manhood's prime,
Resembled John the Baptist to the sight,
And spoke like John with sin-denouncing might.
A man of peace, he raised a general strife ;
Condemning oaths, against him oaths were rife ;
A Fox in name, no fox was this bold man ;
Straight on his way the first great Quaker ran ;
No guile was his, no doubling on his course,
He trusted all to truth's intrinsic force ;
And whether " Friend " or " Quaker " be the name
Held by his sect, the tribute is the same.
Quaker ! a word of hissing once, and scorn,
Around the globe with honour now is borne ;
And " Inward Light," which sends forth warmth
benign,

Is self-approved of origin Divine.
Thrice did George Fox the Lord Protector seek,
And thrice his special message did he speak ;
The last at Hampton, when unknown to each
The rule of Cromwell was about to reach
The limit which all human power must find,
When life and trust together are resigned,
And highest, lowest, richest, poorest, lie
On one broad level of mortality.

Where, with a pomp that rivalled Royal State,
Wolsey, once stirred the envy of the great,
To Hampton Court, the Lord Protector takes
A brain care-burdened, and a heart that aches ;
Nor can the works of nature or of art
Abate the burden, or allay the smart,
The gleaming river with its banks of green,
And fleet of swans that whiten all the scene,
The gardens, which a constant feast afford,
And rooms with fruits of genius richly stored,
Give small relief from trouble of the State,
Nor lay the ghosts which on its grandeur wait.
He knows that plotters ceaseless vigil keep,
While for his darling lost, his heart must weep ;
But when, perchance, to memory's eye appears
The image of himself in childhood's years,
The old home days, the simple pleasures prized,
The wonders seen, and greater ones surmised,
Then, for a time, he lives another life,
At rest from conscious danger and from strife ;
Stretched on the grass he hears the lark on high,
Or chases, cap in hand, the butterfly ;
Or rides some favourite steed the country round,
While dogs in frolic humour bark and bound ;
But as he looks, the vision is no more,
And swift return the galling weight and sore ;
The present ills, the dread of what may be,
Deep shadows, and the dark futurity.

The gates of Whitehall open to receive
The wasting form which skill may ne'er relieve.
Brief time for all yet left undone remains ;
The light of life with solemn swiftmess wanes.
What of the soul ? the State ? the old and new ?
The closing retrospect ? the opening view ?
How trifling at such time earth's glory seems—
A bauble, bubble, vapour, dream of dreams !
Beset by pain and care, the dying Chief
Craved for Divine remission and relief ;
Nor may we doubt that He who hears each prayer,
And in His arms the weakest loves to bear,
Gave needful grace to banish every fear,
To strengthen faith, and all the soul to cheer,
Until it entered where God's children meet,
In peace and bliss their Father's face to greet.

What of the Realm ? Too soon it learned to know
The lack of one to bend his mighty bow ;
Not can our praise attend on him who died
And left the State without fit rule, to ride
Upon a stormy sea of discontent,
While officers and crew, by faction rent,
Sought not how best the tossing bark to guide,
Until in smoother waters it should glide.
England he "left to God" but did not see,
How wise is the immutable decree,
That even faith shall be without avail,
If man himself to use his powers should fail.

This Cromwell knew when once he raised the cry,
"Trust ye in God and keep your powder dry."

Not thus he acted when the State he left,
Of firm and able government bereft.

The greatest general of the age might curb
A nation conscious of its strength superb ;
But Richard was no Cromwell save in name,
Unwarlike, unambitious, pliant, tame ;
And soon, grown weary of affairs of State,
He gladly claimed the right to abdicate ;
And for a season once again the land
Was subject to the Commons' chief command.

Now Royalists begin to raise the head,
And a vexed nation by intrigue is led
To rear again the ancient English throne,
By force of arms once seized and overthrown ;
And by the aid of pledges only meant
To lull suspicion and induce consent,
The eldest son of Charles the First, restored,
Is hailed through all the land as sovereign lord.
But quickly does the tiger bare his claws,
And, tasting blood, he opens wide his jaws,
To crush his victims, and to make men see
The grim reverse of kingly clemency.
Nor is this rage upon the living spent ;
The dead and buried give it larger vent ;
And chiefly Cromwell, whose majestic name

The vile profaners of the grave might shame.
They who before his presence rushed in flight
Wrecked on his lifeless form their hellish spite ;
They fell upon his corse as vultures foul,
Or (as weird legends tell) some hideous ghoul ;
And mangling his cold clay by acts obscene,
They scattered wide his bones with joy malign.
No perfect man was he, no meek-eyed saint,
But he was free from all inhuman taint ;
And high above their savagery and hate
Stood, and will stand, his memory proud and great.
As long as Alfred kindles history's flame,
And the first Edward bears an honoured name,
Shall Cromwell's figure, in the foremost line
Of our most famous monarchs, ever shine ;
His faults his own, his fame his country's prize ;
A star which gave new lustre to its skies ;
A spell whose power is felt from age to age ;
One part of England's priceless heritage.

With gifts of mind that well might make his reign
A blessing to his subjects, not a bane,
The Second Charles lives for himself alone,
All moral ties and sense of shame outgrown ;
Ungrateful, greedy, destitute of truth,
With old men's vices joined to sins of youth,
He grovels, pensioner of France's king,
Till with his baseness town and country ring ;

And England, with her glory vanished, lies
An object of contempt in Europe's eyes.
With wantonness the public face is flushed ;
Honour and truth are trampled down and crushed ;
Fashion, not God, gives laws to court and crowd ;
Conscience must have no liberty allowed ;
Why should not conscience be from others reft
By those who have themselves no conscience left ?
To literature the evil gains access,
And poisoned leaves shower from a licensed press ;
Yet Dryden then, with soul above his time,
Builds up with skill the old heroic rhyme ;
And one, a greater bard, beneath whose feet
Dryden, well-pleased, erects his lofty seat,
Opens three worlds to the astonished gaze—
The deep abyss, heaven, and those blessed days
When Eden's garden blossomed rich and fair,
And angels loved to call and wander there.
Nor does a Milton's task alone supply
A contrast to the wide frivolity.
Genius, its gifts dispenses as of old,
And wisdom joys her treasures to unfold.
Newton to Nature's order finds the clue,
And brings a grander universe to view ;
Wren makes a new St. Paul's sublimely soar,
A Psalm distinct above the city's roar ;
Howe, Baxter, Owen, join to zeal intense
A fertile pen and sacred eloquence ;

A Russell's virtues courtly vengeance mock,
And cast a glory round the fatal block ;
Down's gentle Bishop shows, with equal grace,
How holiness in life and death has place ;
And he who in the gaol at Bedford lies,
Traces, with pencil dipped in fadeless dyes,
The Pilgrim's earthly course through changing fates,
To Beulah's land, and Salem's shining gates.

Charles dies dishonoured, and another James
The kingly office darkens and defames ;
Till from the west light breaks, and millions own
William and Mary partners of the throne.
The great occasion lost when Charles was slain
Returns again, nor now returns in vain ;
And by the Bill of Rights the work is done,
In toil and suffering long before begun.
The genial sceptre a Victoria sways
O'er loyal lands, concordant in her praise,
Bids us be grateful for these happier times—
Devoid of civil wars and all their crimes.
Freedom now rests upon the joint consent
Of statute and judicial precedent ;
Now, Prince and People reverence the laws,
And labour to advance the common cause ;
In Crown and Commonwealth is now fulfilled
All Falkland sighed for, all that Hampden willed ;
Possessed is now all that was claimed before,

And Milton's vision is a dream no more ;
The vision of a nation which awakes,
And the long locks of its puissance shakes ;
And as the eagle youthful strength displays,
And with purged sight confronts the noontide blaze,
So be our country, sealed as Freedom's own,
For courage, fortitude, and goodness known ;
And may she, radiant with celestial fire,
To loftier tasks and destinies aspire !



HO! THE GREENERY OF ENGLAND.

HO! the greenery of England,
It covers weald and wold ;
It nestles in the loveliest glen,
And climbs the hillside bold ;
Far as the eye's remotest sweep,
Beneath the bending blue,
From North to South, from East to West,
It fills the circling view.

Ho! the greenery of England.
What shades the prospect strew ;
Some darker than the beech-tree leaf,
Some of the lightest hue.
But all the shades make up one whole,
And naught is lovelier seen
Than this high tide on every side
Of pure and living green.

Ho! the greenery of England,
Its life is fed by streams
That cross it in a thousand lines,
As sleep is crossed by dreams ;
The brooklet, burn, and river,
And raindrops, where they fall,
Make glad the tiniest floweret,
And trees exceeding tall.

Ho ! the greenery of England,
How beauteously it shows
In the tender hours of twilight,
And when the noontide glows !
It brings no care or weariness,
It soothes both eye and mind ;
Cerulean tone and golden warmth
In green are well combined.

Ho ! the greenery of England,
More dear it is to me
Than all the gorgeous landscapes
Of lands beyond the sea.
Their trees may be of larger growth,
Their flowers of richer sheen,
But where's the land the sun illumines
That's clad in such a green ?

Ho ! the greenery of England,
Ne'er, ne'er, may it decline,
But flourish through the centuries
A blessing and a sign.
A boon of fruitfulness and cheer,
A sign of peace and truth,
A token that our England's self
Renews for aye her youth !

EARLY SPRING.

THE cloud-flecked blue, the tender green
On tree, and hedge, and meadow seen ;
The flowers that half-conceal their charms,
As mindful of rude winds' alarms ;
The birds that, all-spontaneous, sing,
Or, joyous, ply the restless wing ;
The showers that glisten as they fall,
The throb of life that beats through all ;
The freshness of the morning air,
Which strengthens like the breath of prayer ;
The coolness of the eventide,
When gentle thoughts with men abide ;
The sense of one pervading Power,
More felt, more seen, through every hour—
All these are tokens, ever sure,
That "times and seasons" still endure,
And that, as winter's reign is past,
The spell of Spring is o'er us cast ;
Beneath that spell we fain would lie,
The earth so fair, so soft the sky ;
While Faith points upwards to the sphere
Where summer fills the eternal year.

THE NEW MOON IN SPRING.

THOU, leaning from the casement of the sky,
Smiling dost look upon our emerald earth ;
And we, upgazing with admiring eye,
Watch thy young radiance as 'twere beauty's
birth.

Earth has one springtide in the year, but thou
Monthly dost set thy tender grace on high,
Passing to summer fulness ; then, thy brow
Soon veiled, withdrawn from mortal eye,
Thou sleepest on thy darkened couch serene,
Till thou arisest softly as the dove,
And thy delightful face again is seen,
Half hid from view, but beautiful as love !

THE RETURN OF THE CUCKOO.

ERE the grey curtains of the evening fall,
Our unseen visitant resumes her call ;
'Tis "Cuckoo ! Cuckoo !" the familiar sound,
As when young days with youthful dreams were
crowned,
When standing all attent we wondered where,
And whence, the note that pierced the silent air ;
And now it comes anew, as if it told
That Nature and her voices grow not old.

I ask not, Cuckoo, where thy flight has been,
Or if thou pipest there, as here, unseen ;
Or, if returning, thou hast made thine own
The nest of other birds of richer tone ;
Thy note monotonous has charms for me,
Attractive in its simple melody ;
It is the sign that Spring herself is here,
With all the promise of the genial year ;
And wheresoe'er it be that thou dost rove,
Or sit in thicket, glade, or towering grove,
We welcome thee. The leaf is softly bright,
The heavens are filling with new warmth and
light ;
And when no more thou shalt salute our ear,
Summer in all her blaze of sunshine will be near.

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

THE Moon comes forth to hold her court,
The Stars attendance pay ;
As Queen of Beauty she appears,
Her Maids of Honour they.

And men and women everywhere,
And children not a few,
Look up with wondering delight,
The spectacle to view.

Not all the kingdoms of the world
Can show a sight so fair ;
What queen is lovely as the Moon ?
Can maids with Stars compare ?

But when the hours of night have sped,
The Moon withdraws her light ;
And, as in duty bound, the Stars
Retire from mortal sight.

When next the Queen of Beauty holds
Her court in open sky,
With all her Maids of Honour round,
I'll lift a gladsome eye.

The Sun majestically shines,
And dazzling is the Noon,
But softer and serener beams
The light of Stars and Moon.

THE SKYLARK.

NOW down on the earth, now high in the sky,
Now skirting our feet, now mocking our eye ;
Where, scorning the glade, hast thou wandering
gone ?
What vision of beauty is luring thee on ?

From the heights of the azure there falls on our ear
The stream of thy song so liquid and clear ;
And still, as we listen, the quick-gushing flow
Of thy music and joy stirs our pulses below.

Oh, strange such a spring of melodious sound
In a body so slender as thine should be found !
Not for us, but thyself, thou mountest away,
And singest, while soaring, thy ravishing lay ;
No applause thou desirest, no chorus of praise,
Thy pleasure it is these wild notes to raise,
Content if the singer should sing but to one,
The blithest of songs beneath the bright sun !

Thy song at an end, thou sinkest to earth,
The nurse of thy youth, the place of thy birth ;
For not the white cloud, or the crystalline dome,
But the grass-bosomed nest, is thy love-cherished
home !

LUNA'S LYRE.

THE Sun has gone, wrapped in a robe of fire,
Resigning to the Moon his mystic lyre ;
And she, with grace and softness all her own,
Draws from it every mild mellifluous tone,
Whereby the flowers are lullabyed to sleep,
And the tall trees an ear attentive keep ;
The wandering winds rest spell-bound on their way ;

The silent birds confess the magic lay ;
The heaving sea is soothed, and murmuring low,
Its surge responsive takes a gentler flow ;
And from their purple canopies look down
The kingly stars each with his sapphire crown,
And they whose hearts are light and keep high noon,
Join in the music of the maiden Moon,
Until the Dawn her saffron banner rears,
And the great Sun to bear the rule appears.

THE ROSE.

(TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.)

WITH the garland bearing Spring,
I, the Rose of Summer sing ;
Swell the music, comrade mine,
For the Rose is breath divine.
'Tis the charm of mortals here ;
To the Graces trophy dear,
When the Loves with flowers are dight ;
With the myths a favourite ;
To the Muses 'tis a joy,
To the lovesick one a toy ;
Sweet it is to travellers tried
By the thorny country-side,
Nor less sweet to him who stands,
With protecting gentle hands,
O'er Love's flower, while every sense

Feels the melting influence.
'Tis delightful to the eyes
Both of reveller and wise.
Where were feasts were Rose not born ?
" Rosy-fingered " is the Morn ;
" Rosy-armed " the Nymphs are viewed,
And e'en Venus " Rosy-hued "
Sages have agreed to call ;
Healing from the Rose doth fall ;
To the dead a guard it gives ;
Over conquered Time it lives,
And its fine old age in truth
Gives the Rose the scent of youth.
Come, we'll tell its pedigree !
When from out the joyous sea
'Witching lovely Venus grew,
Glistening with the foamy dew ;
When from out Jove's hand displayed,
Stood Minerva, warrior-maid,
Dreadful to the Olympian sight—
Then the Rose, as fair as light,
Showed a new and varied birth,
Radiant scion of the earth.
For the happy gods when met,
That the thorn a Rose might get,
Sprinkled nectar on it—then,
Proud, immortal, as we ken,
Bacchus plant was given to men.

THE EMPEROR'S CALL TO ARMS.*

“ FRENCHMEN! arise! revenge the insult
given!

Assert your old supremacy in arms!

The Prussians' chivalry, before you driven,

Shall spread your prowess and your foes' alarms!

What erst your fathers did ye can repeat

With deadlier weapons and Napoleon's name;

And Europe's wondering eyes your course shall
greet

Adorned with all a victor's spoils and fame.”

And so he craves fresh power at such huge cost,

And lights twixt too great lands a fiendish flame,

And piles at every step a hecatomb

To earn a blackened, reprobated name.

The Bonapartist scourge is loose once more,

Revenge and lust of “glory” rage again,

Insatiable but by the guns' hoarse roar.

And savage shouts and dying groans of men.

Oh infamous appeal to Heaven! Oh shameless
crime

Against the nature God has grandly crowned!

**This Poem and the one succeeding were written soon after the Proclamation of War by France against Prussia, July 19th, 1870. How far their prognostications of carnage and French disaster were fulfilled history has recorded.*

Dreary postponement of the blessed time
When peace shall hallow every foot of ground.
Prate not of "just susceptibilities"
A nation's honour may not disregard ;
Speak rather of unjust hostilities
Inspired by instincts of the cruel pard.
This war din overwhelms the stars' love song ;
The shuddering earth turns from her children's
 blood,
And, moaning, pleads, "Thou Holy One, how long
Shall roll upon me this red loathsome flood ?"
Must he, who causeless, slays a single man
Be voted murderer by the common cry ;
And shall not he fall under Nature's ban
Who butchers myriads—nor gives answer why ?
As vast his power, enormous so his guilt ;
As great his state, so high his sin must be ;
The dazzling robe shows most the crimson spilt,
The grandeur measures out the infamy.
A frenzied people may applaud his crime,
But each vain pretext draws down Reason's scorn ;
And Righteousness proclaims, with voice sublime,
"The Man of Blood had better ne'er been born."
Nor does insulted Heaven that victory send
Which was implored for sordid ends alone ;
Before the fiery storm the Imperial eagles bend,
And to its centre rocks Napoleon's throne.
Those who for conquest answered to the call,

And from the City gates in gladness poured,
Learn what that meaneth, as they bleeding fall,
“ They shall be pierced who eager wield the
sword.”

WAR, 1870.

THE Red Angel of War has broken the bands
Wherewith he was bound by the Angel of
Peace,
And with laughter of hell, exulting, he stands,
Half-amazed in his heart at his sudden release :
“ They thought to have held me with paper and
words,
And weightier fetters of commerce and store.
They dreamed not that these, like the passage of
birds,
Would vanish again as they’ve vanished before.
As prostrate I lay, revolving the days
When mighty and rare was the banquet of gore,
No prospect appeared my spirits to raise,
Of pleasures to come as in dear times of yore,
Then my favourite imp spake soft in my ear,
‘ The eagles are whetting their beaks for affray,’
Oh, words most reviving ! fast melted my fear,
And tides of new strength set my passions a-play.

They thought to have held me ! Not so by dark
Fate !”

And with fresh bursts of laughter the Demon grew
black.

And lo ! far away, the hyænas elate
Sniffed up the base rapture, and echoed it back.
The Red Angel knelt, his fell worship to pay,
To the Prince of Dark Powers and the King of the
Grave,

And swore not to linger or pause on his way,
To lands which are washed by the blue river's wave ;
But first on the earth a wide circle he traced,
And he muttered dread words of slaughter and
doom,

Then eastward and west, north and southward he
faced,

And the air as he gazed grew turbid with gloom.
His foot he pressed down, and upwards there rose
A current pellucid, and eager, and strong ;
He banned the fair stream, and fast as it flows,
As a river of blood it rushes along.

Next, with terrible voice, he shrieked forth, “ I
come,”

And shapes of fierce horror swarmed up from below,
And spirits of fury, appalling, though dumb,
Were working out dramas of pitiless woe.

Then the Angel of War stretched each fiery plume,
With his feet on the earth, his head in the sky,

And speaking in tones like the trumpet of doom,
He said, ere he rose on his errand to fly :
“ Before me. blind Panic, my herald, has gone ;
Around me, Destruction, unwearied, shall rage ;
Behind me let Peace at her leisure march on,
The flames I shall kindle will clear her a stage ;
But, men ! do not curse me ; your servant am I,
Ye summon me hence, by you I’m inspired ;
Each blood-drop I draw, each tear, and each sigh,
I extract them because by you I’m hired ;
Your passions, your follies, let them be accursed,
They free me, they call me, they give me my
power,
And while by your rulers these vices are nursed,
The Red Angel of War shall welcome his hour.”

GORDON.

“ THAT INCOMPARABLE HERO GORDON.”—*Lord Wolseley.*

GREAT in achievement, greater in himself,
Was he we mourn. Not titles, worldly pelf,
Or aught that moves less noble minds, could make
His firm heart one resolve or impress take.
He lived not for the honour men could give ;
For him to win applause was not to live ;

When Duty called he knew no doubt or fear,
No peril held him from her sacred sphere.
One task he set himself—what most to do,
By work severely strict, and just, and true.
His love of man to trust in God was bound ;
He drew his courage from a faith profound,
And, working righteousness, serenely stood
Champion-elect of right and human good.
No ancient hero more heroic rose,
No errant knight more pitied human woes ;
And, seeking not the fame man's breath imparts,
He gained high place in all men's thoughts and
 hearts.

Speeding to save far-off Nile-washed Khartoum,
He held back day by day its dreaded doom ;
Nor ever had his genius brighter shone
In foiling foes and cheering comrades on ;
Till by a traitor's hand he sank at last
When, succour near, the danger seemed o'erpast.
When Khartoum fell he fell, but in his fall
He gave a lesson to be learned by all—
That man should not fear death as life's dark goal,
But form his years into one bright-orbed whole,
To live or die, as may be, yet maintain,
As Gordon did, a name without a stain !

THE BUST OF LONGFELLOW.

[UNVEILED IN POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER
ABBEY, *March 1st*, 1884.]

'TIS well that on this spot, where clustered stand
The monumental memories of those
Who helped to make our England great in thought
And song, should now be placed the marble bust
Of him who was our fireside guest, our friend,
And comforter ; who owned allegiance to
Another land, but was a citizen
Of ours, by rights which open all men's doors
To him whom God has made beloved to all.
The lyre he struck gave sweetest music from
Each chord ; and those who listened most intent,
Admired the master's skilled simplicity,
And by the magic of the subtle art
They learned how much of tender pity they
Could feel, and what their sympathy might be
With all that makes our nature pure and blest.
Here let his image stand, amidst the tombs
And cenotaphs of those with whom he long,
Communion high had held, and with whose fame
His own is now for ever joined—the rich
Inheritance of universal man.

ROBERT BURNS.

TO unseal new springs of tenderness and mirth,
And cast new charms round common things
of earth ;—

To show the worth of man's intrinsic self,
Apart from titles, circumstance, and pelf ;—
To feed the patriot's consecrated fire,
And paint devotion in the rustic sire ;—
To sing of love, the richest boon of heaven,
To lowest, as to highest, freely given ;—
All this and more he finely did, and long
As human hearts respond to sweetest song,
Shall Robin be of Scotland's sons the boast,
And stand exalted 'mid the bardic host.
Deep draughts he drank of Muse-loved Hippocrene,
And deeply drank, alas ! of base potheen.
Down to the spirit of the still he bowed,
A nature bright, and gloriously endowed ;
And for his worship, to him back it gave
A great name tarnished, and an early grave.

EARL SHAFTESBURY, K.G.

NO star upon his breast
'Twas needful he should wear
To show him of the best
And noblest everywhere.

His life was one long roll
Of evidence, that he
Stood high upon the scroll
Of God's nobility.
From out his pensive eyes
Looked pity for his race,
Ensuring large supplies
Of true love's double grace ;—
The grace of graceful act,
The kind deed kindly done ;
Had either grace he lacked
He had not early won,
And held till life had gone
The honour and renown
Which never shine upon
Mere coronet or crown.
He was the poor boy's friend ;
He smoothed the poor man's lot ;
And England's day shall end
Ere Shaftesbury be forgot

A NAME AT WHICH THE WORLD
GREW PALE."

TO "leave a name at which the world grew pale"—
This were ambition worthy of a fiend !
Better to try the humblest task and fail,

Better to see each purpose contravened,
Than to succeed in some vast enterprise
By reckless, wicked waste of human life,
And to the throne of empire quickly rise.
Better to wipe away a single tear,
And fill one eye with gratitude's soft look,
Than scatter through creation dismal fear,
Nor one surviving rival choose to brook.
To make pale cheeks to flush with lively joy,
To make sad hearts break forth in cheery song,
The seeds of selfish pleasure to destroy,
The sunshine of the ages to prolong—
Be this my prayer, my purpose, and resolve ;
For this 'twere noble labouring to fail ;
Rather in nothingness I would dissolve
Than "leave a name at which the world grew pale."
Not mine the meteor sign which burns on high,
Foreboding terrors greater than its own ;
But star serene, which from the shining sky
Sheds rays of peace on hearts that mourn alone.
I'd leave the world not paler for my life,
But brighter, stronger, happier than before ;
With blossoms of new blessings richly rife,
And earth to heaven drawn nearer more and more.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

THE NILE TO THE THAMES (1868).

THIS Obelisk, from Sacred On,
I give thee, Thames, in charge,
That it may rest secure upon
Thy high and stone-bound marge.

Its sides, when freshly graved, I saw
Four thousand years ago ;
When Egypt to the world gave law—
(How fast the ages flow !)

When with companions ranged, it graced
The city of the Sun ;
Whose temple now is lone and waste,
Its course of glory run.

Ah, Thames, the works of man so proud
Soon hasten to decay ;
While we, with all our strength unbowed,
Hold on our ancient way.

Yet I have heard from sages' tongue,
Versed in primeval lore,
That when the bell of doom is rung
We, too, shall roll no more.

Till then, our friendship we will keep,
And I this tribute pay,
From where the mighty Pharaohs sleep
To England's mightier sway ;

Since oft, at mystic eve, a tone
Upon the stillness breaks—
“ Egypt another Lord shall own,
From Nubia to her lakes.

“ The race which from thy grasp can wrest
The secret of thy birth,
Great Nile, will make old Mizraim blest
Among the lands of earth.”

And, if this voice prophetic be,
One crown shall link our fates ;
The sceptre stretched, O Thames, o'er thee,
Shall rule my banks and gates !

THE DREAM OF RAMESES THE GREAT.

I N his chamber made bright with vermillion and
gold,
Where dew-dropping slumbers all his senses unfold,
Lies the captive of Sleep, the brother of Death,
With nothing of motion save the pulses of breath.

Oneiros, the genius of shadows and dreams,
Stands over the monarch, and from him out-
streams

The power which enthral's the quiescent soul,
While through it the words of the Oracle roll :
" Where flows the Great River till it meets the hot
ray,

The wild desert rangers thy stern mandates obey,
And thy sceptre extends where sweeps the Great
Sea,

Till its waves on fair Cyprus break bright in their
glee.

Thy horsemen and spearmen bear their ensigns
and shields,

Thy chariots and horses reap Slaughter's red fields,
And they carry thy name and its terrors afar,
And they bind captive kings to thy conquering car.
But the times shall be changed, and when ages are
passed

The shoe of the stranger shall o'er Egypt be cast ;
All the glory thou boastest shall wither and die,
And thy pomp, with thy spoilage, deep-buried shall
lie ;

Then the enemy's heel and the tyrant's hard hand
Shall thy Egypt oppress, and her homage com-
mand,

Then the lizard shall crawl where her monarchs have
sat,

And her temples defiled be the home of the bat.
The word has been spoken, nor can lapse the
decree,

‘ The proudest of nations shall the basest yet be’ !
But the Ruler Supreme shall well-pleased be at
last,

The smile of his favour upon Egypt to cast ;
From beyond the Great Sea shall her helpers arise,
And the pure light of hope shall re-fill her sad
eyes ;

By great signs their coming all the world shall
foresee,

For the Great Sea and Red Sea undivided shall be ;
Where the camel now treads and the children now
play

Ships, oarless and sailless, shall glide swift on their
way,

And then through the waters shall the sky-fire
convey

Men’s thoughts from the rising to the setting of
day.

Then the helpers shall come from the Isles of the
West,

With strength in their right hand, good-will in their
breast,

And new order shall reign and dear peace shall
return,

And the heart of the peasant with gratitude burn,

For his toils will be lightened, and his life be made
sweet,
By the laws which shall give to each one what is
meet ;
And the land shall have rest when through Egypt
shall wave
The banners borne high by the free and the brave !”

THE LYRE.

(TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.)

I LONG to tell of men of war,
The sons of Atreus bold ;
I long to sing of Cadmus—he
Whose deeds the ancients told ;
But when my harp through all its strings
To high emprise I train,
Of Love, and Love alone, 'twill breathe—
The heart-enchancing strain.

And even when I changed the chords,
And touched another lyre,
And when of Hercules' great works
I sang with martial fire,
Indifferent to my utmost skill,
The wayward lyre would give
One answer only—Love, the life
Of all the things that live.

So never more I'll strive to sing
Of heroes and their days ;
For nothing will my lyre sound forth,
But Love, and Love always.

FOR LOVE, NOT GOLD.

WHEN Love was young,
Sweet troth was plighted,
Hands joined, eyes met,
Lives were united—
All in the days of old,
For Love, not Gold.

Love still is young,
Sweet troth is plighted,
Hands join, eyes meet,
Lives are united—
Now, as in days of old,
For Love, not Gold.

Love will be young,
Sweet troth be plighted,
Hands join, eyes meet,
Lives be united—
Then, as in days of old,
For Love, not Gold.

A WEDDING SCENE.

NO bells ring out upon the air,
From tower or steeple, sounding clear ;
But sweeter music is the prayer,
And fervent wish for those so dear.

No long procession grandly files,
No choristers lift up the voice ;
But down the sanctuary aisles
Pass friends who smilingly rejoice.

No incense-laden vessels swing
To spread abroad a costly scent ;
But plighted hearts more richly bring
The love which makes the sacrament.

The matron and the maid are there ;
Parents and kindred gather round ;
And childhood, with a wondering air,
Is all attent to catch each sound.

The hands are clasped, the vows ascend,
The counsel given, the blessing said,
The holy rite is at an end,
The loving ones, and loved, are wed.

Oh, children, seek not that the skies
May open, and the glory fall ;
Set Him before your eager eyes,
Who is the Light and Life of all.

Upon you may His favour rest ;
His guardian hand conduct you on ;
And you shall be securely blest,
When time, and earth, and death, are gone !

MY TRUE LOVE.

THY brow is not of ivory white,
Thy cheek not rich with bloom,
But in my heart of hearts, Love,
For thee there's always room.

The brow may glisten like the snow,
While all the heart is black ;
The cheek may shame the summer rose
Yet guilt the bosom rack.

But well I know, my faithful Love,
Thy heart to me is true,
And on me falls thy gentle smile
As falls on lawn the dew

Not much it matters if the brow
From time receives a shade ;
Nor can it matter long if from
The cheek its roses fade.

But much it matters that the heart
Is sound that beats below,
And long 'twill matter whence and where
Its deep affections flow.

Then let us choose the best, Love ;
In thee the best I see ;
For kind and tender, good and true,
Thou ever art to me.

Let soul be linked to soul, Love ;
Let heart beat true to heart ;
And neither life nor death, Love,
Can bid us ever part !

LIFE'S UNFOLDING.

A HAPPY Girl, fresh as the dew
With waving hair of sunny hue,
And merry smile of flute-like sound,
And spirits gay the whole day round ;
O happy child, from sadness free,
May Joy thy fast companion be !

A happy Woman, in whose face
Deep truth and tenderness we trace ;
Whose heart the living water fills
Drawn from the high eternal hills ;
Her happiness it is to be
A well-spring of felicity.

A happy Wife, to one most dear,
The reigning grace of home's bright sphere,
Whose smile is fairer than the moon,
And warmer than the summer noon ;
In her confides her husband's heart
Till death their earthly life shall part.

A happy Mother, while she bears
The burden of her children's cares ;
To bless them is the daily food
Of her unwearied motherhood ;
May her pure happiness remain,
And from Love's labour increase gain !

MY WIFE AND I.

UP from youth, when earth and sky
In a flood of sunshine lie,
We have walked in company—
My wife and I.

Words of love were spoken low,
Making heart and face to glow,
While we wished swift time were slow—
My Wife and I.

At the bridal altar ranged
Hands were joined and vows exchanged,
And we thence were one surnamed—
My Wife and I.

Life has come with children born ;
Death has from us dear ones torn ;
We have worn the rose and thorn—
My Wife and I.

Days of cloud and days all bright,
Times of radiance and of night—
All have served but to unite
My Wife and I.

With the gladsome we have dwelt,
With the sorrowing we have knelt,
And the balm we gave have felt—
My Wife and I.

Fond illusions we have lost ;
Knowledge we have bought with cost ;
But distrust has never crossed
My Wife and I.

When the shadows round us lie,
When fade earth and sun-lit sky,
May God bear us company—
My Wife and I.

When into His light we've passed—
Light which never shadow cast—
We shall find life's noon at last—
My Wife and I.

BEAUTY AND WISDOM.

BEAUTY, walking out one day,
Was by crowds surrounded,
And with tributes to her charms
All the air resounded.
Some with flowers strewed her path,
Some her praises chanted,
And in diverse ways all showed
How they were enchanted.
Some said she an angel was
Bodily presented,
And from wildest rhapsodies
Not a soul dissented.
One there was by Beauty's side,
Clad in plain apparel,
And to welcome her none raised
A solitary carol.

Beauty said, "O Wisdom, see,
Foolish are the many ;
Throngs salute and honour me,
Few hail thee, if any.
Of my beauty I give naught
To the crowds who've shouted,
But thou would'st render truly wise
Those who have thee flouted !"
Beauty softly Wisdom kissed,
Reverence lowly paying,
Though in all the throngs, few were
To heart the lesson laying.
Yet this truth is ever true,
Beauty omnipresent,
Only dwells with humankind
When with Wisdom present.
Beauty is most beautiful
Paying Wisdom duty,
And who Wisdom welcome give,
Win for ever Beauty.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

OF a Mirror legends tell,
Showing on its shining disc
Features of the absent one,
Safely living, or in risk ;

If his state were one of joy,
Or of darkness and despair ;
Whether health its roses strewed,
Or disease its ashes bare.
In this glass the looker saw
Where his friend might chance to be,
How he was, and how he fared,
On the land or on the sea.
But within the human breast
God has formed a mirror true,
Having charms and virtues rare,
Such as magic glass ne'er knew.
To the eager gazer's view,
More than mortal shapes arise ;
Objects the observer greet
Only seen by unseen eyes.
This strange Mirror is the heart,
Sensitive and warm with life,
And it brings within its ken
Absent husband, child and wife.
Friend with friend is present there
Dearest thought to thought replies,
Wish to wish responsive moves,
Space is merged in sympathies.
And this Mirror, God's own hand
Places in the breast of each,
That His purposes of love
Round the living world may reach.

What no magic glass would show
This reflection can impart ;
Magic Mirror never was
Worth a single human heart.

MARY CARPENTER.

A MARY in her heart hid thoughts profound,
Of Him at once her Son and saving Lord ;
A Mary at His feet was listening found,
And on His head the odorous ointment poured ;
A Mary in her gratitude immense,
Gave Him herself and all her earthly store,
And gained her living Lord, with joy intense,
When seeking His dead form, and nothing more ;
And we, another Mary late have known,
Who dwelt among us, and who laboured long,
And in each outcast, suffering child could own
One who to Christ and Christians must belong.
Hers was the brain to plan, the soul to urge,
The courage born of burning, quenchless love ;
The rock-like will on which doubts vainly surge ;
The spirit filled with virtue from above.
With all a woman's gentleness and grace,
With all a statesman's breadth and depth of view,
With all a Christian's love of our lapsed race,

With all a sage's knowledge what to do, —
She lived a benefactress of her kind,
She died deplored in Britain and the East ;
And in the golden Book of Saints enshrined,
Mary of Bristol's name appears not least.

GENTLENESS AND STRENGTH.

HAD Strength been absent, not a star
Had lighted up the depths afar,
Nor comet written on the sky
Its hieroglyph of mystery ;
No Moon had waited on our Earth ;
No Earth had rounded into birth ;
No mountain raised its lofty head,
No ocean filled its cavern bed ;
No land had borne a spreading tree,
No fish had tenanted the sea ;
No bear had braved the polar cold,
No lamb had bleated in the fold ;
Nor manly form, or woman's grace,
Had shown the world its ruling race :
'Tis Strength that speaks, and makes to be,
'Tis Strength enwapt with majesty,

That shapes, upholds, inspires, sustains,
And all creation's course maintains.
But not Strength only reigns we know,
In Nature's spheres both high and low,
For Gentleness is called to make
Things inchoate new forms to take,
To smooth, combine, and order well,
And lay on all a gracious spell.
Though Strength may issue his commands,
'Tis Gentleness has silken bands ;
His thundering voice is heard with awe,
Her whisper gives a charm to law ;
And while as King his words prevail,
As Queen her government we hail.
Man formed of dust and sacred fire,
Claims Earth as Mother, God for Sire.
His weakness craves, God's goodness gives,
The means by which he works and lives,
But Strength alone would leave him less
Than beasts that roam the wilderness ;
Not power of arm, not force of will,
Nor all the products of his skill,
Would be his safe and upward guide,
And raise him to his Father's side ;
'Tis Gentleness, Love's meek-eyed child,
That calms the vexed, reclaims the wild,
Each wound anoints, removes each smart,
And binds the bruised and bleeding heart.

'Tis Gentleness that makes us strong,
To suffer or resist the wrong,
To fight for truth, or bear reproach,
And shrink from sin's concealed approach.
If God Himself were only great,
Our hearts would sink beneath His weight,
For Greatness never purged from sin,
Or lifted up the soul within ;
But now we sing with minds elate,
" His Gentleness hath made us great "—
Great to aspire and to believe,
Great to encourage and relieve ;
Not feared but loved, not shunned but sought,
Repeating what His grace has taught.
So Strength and Gentleness combined,
In all our life are intertwined,
Most blest and blessing when they meet
In every thought and act complete.
When Gentleness in us is great,
And Strength on Gentleness doth wait,
How much to mortal man is given,
To lead on Earth the life of Heaven,
And make of Earth a Heaven below,
Till Earth and Heaven to one shall grow :
Then Gentleness and Strength will see
Their long-sought perfect unity.

FAIRYLAND.

IS Fairyland in sunset clouds,
With golden sheen and crimson blaze,
Which gather around the dying day
And catch the glory of its rays ?

Or is it in the forest's depths,
Where foot of man has seldom trod ;
Where only song of bird is heard,
And greenest grows the spring-fed sod ?

Or is it on the moorland lone,
From busy cities far remote—
'The silent, soulless solitude,
Where shadows of the great clouds float ?

Or is it where the mountain tops
Conceal the nestling nooks within,
While all the world of man outside
Contains the world of grief and sin ?

Or is it in the Moon, whose beams
Shed pearly brightness where they lie ;
Down which the fays might glide at eve,
And hasten up when day is nigh ?

No !—clouds dissolve, their glory gone ;
Harsh winters lay the forest bare ;
Hilltops and moors are all too bleak ;
The lovely Moon—who has been there ?

But Fairyland is with us all,
Unseen, untouched, without a name,
And each, in whom sweet fancies dwell,
A share in that gay land may claim.

Then put together all the minds,
With all their fancies quaint and fair ;
And if you ask for Fairyland,
I answer—Look and find it there !

BY THE RED SEA.

BY the shores of the sea stand the people in fear,
For the chariots and horsemen of Egypt draw
near ;

But Jehovah looks forth, and the face which He
shows

Is bright to His people, and dark to their foes.

The word is pronounced, nor mistaken can be—
“Let the people go forward where rolls the dark
sea !”

And forward they go, and the sea, when God calls,
Rolls backward its waters in heaps as high walls.

Then the people pass through it as on the dry land,
And on the far shore gathered safely they stand.
The Egyptians endeavour to follow with speed,
The signs of swift ruin too eager to heed,

Till upon them descend the huge liquid walls,
And sudden destruction upon the host falls ;
The pride of King Pharaoh has sunk in the sea,
But the people of God are rescued and free !

THE SEA GULLS.

[These birds follow the Atlantic steamers far from the Irish Coast, making their peculiar cry as they wheel above and around with untiring velocity.]

CREATURES of the sea and air,
 Darting round our ship ;

Tell us, as our course you share,
 Whence your fellowship ?

Vigorous is your spreading wing,
 Bold its stroke, and free,
Up where birds delight to sing,
 Down where rolls the sea.

Do you wish to cheer our way ?
 Do you chide our speed ?
Do you cry as if to say—
 “ Follow where we lead ” ?

Do your storm-beat breasts contain
 Love to humankind ?
Why so long your flight maintain,
 Full against the wind ?

Now, farewell ! your comrades seek
Near the rocky strand ;
Whether days be bright or bleak,
You're a merry band.

Not a member of your crew
Owns an idle wing ;
If the world were all like you,
'Twould hold no lazy thing.

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

I STAND on Bunker's towering pile,
And as I downward gaze and muse,
The bygone years before me file,
And thought of present time I lose.

I see the Redcoats march to seize
The rough redoubt upon the hill,
I see the smoke upon the breeze,
I hear the volleys quick to kill.

Here blood of kinsmen dyes the ground,
Here brothers fall by brothers' hand ;
And War his lurid touch waves round,
To light a flame through all the land.

That scene has vanished with the past,
And from this monumental height,
The eye, wherever it is cast,
Rests on a spirit-cheering sight.

So let it be ! May War no more
Divide our English-speaking race ;
Silent the cannon's murderous roar,
And kindred hearts in love embrace !

THE NIAGARA RIVER.

ON the lake-connecting River
Lights and shadows softly quiver ;
Calm and stedfast is its course
Armed with a resistless force ;
Rocks may rear a threatening head—
Through the rocks it finds a bed,
Downward gliding bright and free,
Yearning for the unknown sea.
But behold ! a yawning chasm,—
Sign of nature's shuddering spasm,
Where the darkness drowns the light,
And defies the aching sight :
“ River ! wend another way !
Shun the gulf that shuns the day !

Venture not that edge to pass,
Lest in one tumultuous mass
All thy waters, no more seen,
Be as though they ne'er had been ! ”
But the River heedless flows
Towards the margin, whence it throws
All its gathered weight of wave,
Foaming, roaring, to its grave !
It is done ! The fearful fall
Seems to make an end of all ;
Clouds of chilling mists arise,
Signals of the sacrifice ;
Trembling seizes on the ground,
Moaning requiems swell around,
And the stoutest holds his breath,
Witnessing the River's death !
Do you ask the River's name ?
Name endowed with deathless fame ?
Hush ! “ Niagara ” it cries
From the gloomy depths—and dies !
For a moment only—then
Forth to life it springs again,
And its course it holds along,
Vexed or smooth, but always strong,
Till it gains the boundless sea—
Image of Eternity.

THERMOPYLÆ.

WHEN the Persian tyrant came,
Hellas as his slave to claim,
Thou didst earn a deathless name,—
Thermopylæ !

Freedom's champions scorned to fly,
Not for them was tear or sigh,
But their blood thy soil could dye—
Thermopylæ !

Since those dark, yet glorious days,
Thou hast cast on tyrants' ways
Danger-red and warning rays—
Thermopylæ !

In defeat's most doleful hour,
When the Heavens have seemed to lower,
Thou hast given men heart and power—
Thermopylæ !

High thy shield of fame has hung ;
Round the world thy deeds have rung,
Echoed by each patriot's tongue—
Thermopylæ !

When no slave on earth is seen,
And when Liberty is queen,
Thy old laurels shall keep green—
Thermopylæ !

ILFRACOMBE.

WHERE the blue water and green landscape
meet,

And nodding wild flowers crown the giant rocks,
Where up steep caverns storm-vexed billows beat,
And wavelets play among colossal blocks ;
The curving coast is flanked by stately hills,
With terraced paths, and seats for such as climb ;
Its pebbly bed the winding Wilder fills,
And murmurs all the day its ancient rhyme ;
Hills yet more distant and more lofty, rise
And stem the onslaught of the eastern blast,
While breezes from the west and northern skies
A strengthening virtue from their pinions cast.

Here now stands Ilfracombe—its long High-street,
With shops disposed, well stored, a varied show ;
And transverse lines permit the travellers' feet
To mount the heights, or tread the plain below.
Within the compass of the observing eye
Are seven ridged tors, and Capstone, lion-like,
The Lantern Hill, craft that in harbour lie,
And pier, which baffled billows vainly strike ;
Churches, and numerous mansions rise to view ;
Bright sward and garden beautify the scene,
And, wander where we may, some prospect new
Of comely combe or swelling crest is seen ;

The white sails out upon the lower deep,
Like scattered sheep the liquid pastures strew,
And clouds yet whiter rest as if asleep
Upon the upper sea of softer blue.

Long may the charms of this resort remain,
Successive streams of visitors to please,
Who seek for health and sweet escape from pain,
Or doubly prize the well-earned, blameless ease ;
Content to muse of times when earth was young,
And man was not ; when freeborn wind and sea
Joined in Creation's song, which erst was sung
By all the starry host in symphony !
Nature invites to this her favoured seat ;
Man's skill prepares, adapts, and smoothes the way ;
And those who visit this desired retreat,
Endure regret when ends the grateful stay.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

SAY, what is that desired by all mankind,
But which the hottest of pursuit defies,
Which, sought for its own sake, none ever find,
Though men to gain it fain would storm the skies ?
Monarchs may for its presence sigh in vain,
While it is seated in the labourer's cot ;

Gold cannot buy it, nor its hand retain,
Though with the pauper it is often not ;
The miser and the proud it loves to shun,
The millionaire has sometimes least of it.

It may not come till life's long day is done,
Yet for all scenes and seasons it is fit ;
Its visits never can befall amiss,
And though with few it is content to dwell,
Its presence is the very heaven of bliss,
Its utter absence is the breath of hell.
If it is yours, your lot you well may bless ;
If not, do well, and welcome HAPPINESS !

THE PLANET FOR ME.

OF the planets that revolve
Round their sire the Sun,
My affections are engaged
Only unto one.
Not to Jupiter the grand,
Saturn with its rings,
Or Uranus, or the globe
Which, afar off, swings,
Sweeping round the parent Sun
In his ampler sphere,
Neptune he, who, cheerless, rolls
Through his solar year ;

Neither am I closer drawn
To the orbs that whirl
Brightly, blithely, in their dance,
Like a sprightly girl.
Mercury and Venus glow
With an ardent flame ;
Mars is next, with planet-dwarfs
Boasting not a name ;
But I like not contact with
Bodies quite so hot ;
Natives may do well and thrive—
Truly I should not.
Nor, though beautiful and fair
With her silvery ray,
Should I find it a delight
In the Moon to stay ;
Air and water, I am told,
Are not present there,
And without them, much I fear
I should poorly fare.
But there is another world,
Better known, and nigher,
Where there is a freedom from
Deadly frost and fire ;
There are mountains broad and high,
Oceans deep and wide,
And with beauty it is girt
Round on every side ;

It has marvels manifold
For the eye to see ;
And I feel convinced that this
Is the world for me,
It is called the Earth by those
Who upon it dwell ;
And though tempests on it beat,
Still they love it well.
For the earth is good to all,
Food it spreads, and wealth ;
And to them that wisely live,
Strength it gives, and health ;
And when, wearied out, they sink
In the lap of Earth,
Softly it takes back again
What it gave at birth.
Let the great worlds, then, roll on,
And the small ones flit ;
Naught I covet of their charms,
As on Earth I sit,
I can watch them, and admire
Every varied grace ;
And their Master's skill and power
In each one I trace,
But when all is seen, and said,
Something whispers me,
" They are wonderful, but still,
Earth's the best for thee ! "

ROW ! COMRADES, ROW !

ROW ! Comrades, Row !
The moon is clear and high,
But sharply blows the wind,
And clouds are floating by.

Row ! Comrades, Row !
Now restless roll the waves,
And the fierce storm let loose
Round our frail vessel raves.

Row ! Comrades, Row !
All darker grows the night,
And mountain-rising clouds
Have hid the Moon's white light.

Row ! Comrades, Row !
And pray ye as ye toil,
For if God vouch us not relief,
Black death our hopes will foil.

Row ! Comrades, Row !
The Moon's face re-appears ;
And see ! the cruel rocks
Our struggling vessel nears.

Row ! Comrades, Row !
Pull stoutly one and all ;
The coast lights are in sight,
And the old landmark tall.

Row ! Comrades, Row !
Now lightly touch the shore !
Behind you breaks the surge ;
Your perils all are o'er.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S LAY.

DRIVE the plough, and turn the clod,
And lay it open to the sun ;
All through the day I toil and plod,
Until my honest work is done.

I've heard that in the busy town
They moil and breathe a recksome air,
But though my hands be hard and brown,
My heart is free from carking care.

Some folks may think my calling low,
And make the plough a sorry jest ;
But heedless of their laugh I go,
For labour earns me sweetest rest.

I'm proud to see the furrows straight,
And know the time will surely be,
When red and rustling corn will wait
The reaper's tread and harvestry.

No living thing I wrong or rob,
No nest of bird or mouse I harm,
I scorn each dark and dirty job,
And feel soft Pity's blessed charm.

And when my daily work is o'er,
I seek my cottage small but dear ;
Where, more to me than golden store,
Is one who lives my life to cheer.

She looks on me with loving eye ;
She says I'm all the world to her,
And if my Jane or me should die,
God be the other's comforter !

So, oh ! my nags, now pull along,
Our duty we must do to-day ;
And while we plough I'll sing my song,
And not a lark shall be more gay !

POOR OLD TREW—A REVELATION.

A VERY old man was little old Trew,
With his bald and his shining pate ;
His coat was threadbare, well worn was each shoe,
And poor, very poor, was his state.

His body was crooked, a squint had one eye,
He shuffled along in his walk ;
And he stammered whene'er he ventured to try
In a hurry and flurry to talk.

And people who look at the outside to see
What respect should be duly felt,
Said—" Oh what a queer little man is he,"
And no pity or aid they dealt.

But straight was his thought, though bent was his
frame,
And gentle his speech was, and soft ;
And never a curse to his mouth once came,
When the foolish ones laughed or scoffed.

He sat by the side of the sick and sad,
And cheerful he helped them to be,
And large were his gifts from little he had,
For he oft thought of Calvary.

And when at the last he passed from men's sight,
All his oddness dissolved away,
And he stood revealed an angel of light,
In the world of eternal day.

WHAT IS LIFE ?

ASKS the Sphinx, "Man ! what is Life ?
Answer me, then ends your strife."
Youth replies—"The spring of joys ;"
Old Age murmurs—"Empty noise."
Says the ambitious—"It is fame ;"
Says the heartsick—"All a name ;"
Says the captive—"It is woe ;"
Says the scholar—" 'Tis to know ;"
Says the sufferer—"It is pain ;"
Says the merchant—"It is gain ;"
Says the sailor—"Like the sea ;"
Says the idler—" 'Tis to be ;"
Says the reasoner—"What is true ;"
Says the dying—" 'Tis Adieu !"
Says the lover—"He " or "She ;"
Says the sage—"Eternity ;"
Says the sinner—"Conscious death ;"
Says the saint—"It is God's breath."
Still the Sphinx asks,—“What is Life ?
Answer Man, then ends your strife.”

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

SHOUT for the Good Old Times,
When Dane and Saxons strove ;
When sword and slaughter toiled,
And fire and famine throve ;
When lands lay bare, and men were few,
And hope receded from the view.

Sing of the Good Old Times,
When kings and barons strong,
Upon a prostrate race
Inflicted cruel wrong—
When higher grew tyrannic power,
And darker grew the people's hour.

Extol the Good Old Times,
When labourer's lot was hard,
And Learning's lamp burned low,
And Justice failed to guard ;
When barbarous laws and modes of life
Fanned social hate and civil strife.

Admire the Good Old Times
When, in Religion's name,
New tortures were devised,
And blazed the martyr's flame ;
When zeal for God was best displayed
By slaying those whom God had made.

Applaud the Good Old Times,
When industries were small,
And intercourse was scant,
And books were dear to all ;
When culture's grace, and freedom's pride,
To countless masses were denied.

Weep for the Good Old Times,—
Foul jails, base sports, dear bread—
No rules of public health—
Harsh laws, yet crime more spread—
The British Flag by slave ships borne,
Cries raised by British slaves forlorn.

Yes ! laud the Good Old Times,
For old and new are one ;
Times must be older grown
The longer they have run ;
The world lacked not good youthful days ;
But *our* Old Times claim larger praise !

PERHAPS.

PERHAPS the age is very wise ;
Perhaps 'tis otherwise ;
Perhaps there's reason, or there's none,
In its conflicting cries.

Perhaps less roguery abounds ;
Perhaps there's less that's known ;
Perhaps more roguery there is
In letting less be shown.

Perhaps the good are not so good ;
The bad not all so bad ;
Perhaps most sad are they who laugh :
The knowing ones most mad.

Perhaps more charity is felt ;
Perhaps more is displayed ;
Perhaps if more were nursed within,
Less bustle would be made.

Perhaps men do not drink so deep ;
Perhaps they oftener sip ;
Perhaps there's more of courtesy,
Perhaps 'tis of the lip.

Perhaps few fall so low as once ;
Perhaps few rise so high ;
The common ground is free to all,
Few seek the lofty sky.

Perhaps more praise heroic deeds,
But not more such deeds do ;
Perhaps, though many shout for truth,
A number small are true.

Perhaps !—but who shall dare to say
What is or only seems ?
Perhaps our life is but a sleep,
Our actions only dreams.
Perhaps if we more humble were,
We should more seldom err ;
And surely truth will prove at last
Its own interpreter.

THE COMPLAINT OF THE STREET HACK.

A CAB-HORSE hack—who knows my name ?
Who cares to honour me ?
Yet once I was by all pronounced
A steed of high degree ;
No horse more frequent at the “ meet,”
More forward in the field,
Nor to the proudest of the stud
Would I an instant yield.
But blood and service were o'erlooked—
A jobber purchased me ;
And now a cab-horse for my life
I am condemned to be.
They little think who see me stand,
Or trudge with drooping head,
That many a time with smoking flanks
I all the hunters led.

And even yet when memory wakes,
Forgetting time and place,
I think of old and happy days,
And of the glowing race ;
And when my blood is all astir,
My spirits high are raised,
I dash along, while people say,
“ That cab-horse must be crased ! ”

Long hours like mine, and low-bred work,
Might break a horse's heart,
Not to refer to scanty fare,
And whipcord's galling smart,
But cab-horse as I am, I know
My duty I have done,
And that is more than can be said
Of many a noble's son.

So let me bear my destined lot
With patience and contempt,
Nor condescend boys' insults mean
To notice and resent.
I'll serve and suffer, nor forget
My own proud pedigree,
And scorn to do what would disgrace
A steed of high degree.

GOVERNMENT BY "PARTY."

[ONE "PARTY" TO THE OTHER "PARTY."]

WHEN you say "Yea," we answer "Nay ;"
What's night to you, to us is day ;
Our North's your South, your East our West,
Our "very bad" your "very best,"
Your whites our black, our wrong your right,
Our great aversion your delight ;
What we applaud you most abuse,
What you propose we shall refuse ;
By rule of contrary we go,
For rule of Party makes it so ;
Viewed from each other's Party nook
All things have an inverted look.
Where would be Party if we could
Admit the other did some good ?
But we agree to take one text—
"Our Party first—the country next !"

ILLUSIONS.

I TOOK an infant in my arms,
It broke into a flood of tears ;
Thus early rise men's vain alarms,
When truth in error's garb appears.

And as through life our way we take,
We give ourselves to useless fears,
The good for evil we mistake,
And truth as error still appears.

'Tis only wisdom from above
That from the mind delusion clears ;
Then, truth as truth, and love as love,
And good as good, to us appears.

GOD'S LIGHT IN MAN.

THE light of God enlightens all mankind ;
His light is reason in the human mind ;
His light is love within the human heart ;
His light is conscience, man's judicial part.
When Man is like a temple strong and fair,
The light of God is seen all glorious there ;
And when in ruin human nature lies,
The light divine before it fades and dies,
Lingers awhile to let the observer see
How low can fall our frail humanity !

THE RAILWAY MARTYR.

[NO FICTION.]

HE saw their danger as to death they rushed ;
They all were saved by him, but he lay crushed,
Lifeless and gory.
To clear the line he dashed : 'twas bravely done ;
The train sped safely, and from death he won
A martyr's glory.
He witnessed to no formal, stony creed ;
For love of man he was content to bleed,
And end life's story.
But of such deeds we'll keep the memory green,
And pray that like-souled heroes may be seen
Till time grows hoary !

BEAUTY.

OH, Beauty ! always, everywhere, the same
In essence—yet how varied in each hue !
Where'er we turn thy omnipresent claim
Upon our homage we concede, and view
In the bright efflux of the sovereign Sun,
Who, in the mirror He has made so fair,
Reflects Himself, all-manifold in One,
And sees well-pleased His glorious image there.

"NECESSITY HAS NO LAW."

"NECESSITY"—the one excuse for every crime,
In every circumstance and every clime—

Is every sinner's plea ; and well 'tis known

"Necessity has no law save its own."

No law? Most true ; for every law, by turns,

A false necessity contends and spurns,

But Virtue and Religion scout the plea

That for a crime necessity can be.

Clear shines the law in Truth's own changeless
light—

"The one necessity for man is right" ;

Who breaks this law will find, as God is God,

Necessity of suffering from His rod.

SCEPTICAL CREDULITY.

WE'RE told man sprang from vital protoplasm,
But whence sprang protoplasm who can tell?

Yet those whose fancy can bridge any chasm

Grow angry at the hint of miracle.

Strange that about mere words they should be nice,

And at one miracle turn up their noses,

While swallowing greater marvels in a trice,

Packed in some theory which a Don proposes.

SIMPLE WORTH : AN EPITAPH.

TO court, and coteries, and crowds unknown,
His name adorns no monumental stone ;
He passed through life with a contented mind,
And when naught else could give, his words were
kind ;
His lot was lowly like the daisied sod ;
But day by day he walked and spake with God.

SELF WORSHIP, SELF DELUSION

EXAGGERATED Self for God men take,
And in His name His holiest laws they break ;
They clutch what most they wish—power, pelf,
or rank—
And think all's well when friendly Heaven they
thank ;
The fancied boon they prize, but fail to see
The bolt that proves their mirth is vanity.

FLOWERS AND FLOWERS.

A WONDER see —fair flowers are borne
By flowers more fair and sweet than they :
Rich hues, soft grace, the first adorn,
The others living charms display ;
The flowers of England lovely are,
But, O ! her maids are lovelier far.

APPENDIX.

CROMWELLIAN CHRONOLOGY.

THE following is a list of the dates (old style) in which occurred the principal events referred to in the Poem on Oliver Cromwell.

Born at Huntingdon (son of Robert and Elizabeth Cromwell, and Nephew of Sir Oliver Cromwell, knight), April 25th, 1599.

Entered Sidney College, Cambridge University, 1616.

Married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bouchier, 1620.

Returned to Parliament for the Borough of Huntingdon, 1628.

Returned twice to Parliament for the Borough of Cambridge, 1640.

Raised a troop of horse in the Civil War, 1642.

The battle of Marston Moor, July 3rd, 1644.

The battle of Naseby, June 14th, 1645.

His Irish Campaign began August, 1649.

The battle of Dunbar, September 3rd, 1650.

The battle of Worcester, September 3rd, 1651.

Expelled the remnants of the Long Parliament, April 20th, 1653.

Nominated Lord High Protector, December 16th, 1653.

Refused the Crown, May 8th, 1657.

Died at Whitehall, September 3rd, 1658.

